[22/01/18][16:06:53] -

Title: Green Eggs and Hamlet

Author: Sir Shakespeare

I ask to be, or not to be.
That is the question, I
ask of me.
This sullied life, it
makes me shudder.
My uncle's boffing
dear, sweet mother.
Would I, could I, take
my life?
Could I, should I, end
this strife?
Should I jump out of a
plane?
Or throw myself
before a train?
Should I from a cliff
just leap?
Could I put myself to
sleep?
Shoot mysef, or take
some poison?
Maybe try self
immolation?
To shudder off this
mortal coil,
I could stab myself
with a fencing foil.
Slash my wrists
while in the bath?
Would it end my angst
and wrath?
To sleep, to dream,
now there's the rub.
I could drop a toaster
in my tub.
Would all be glad, if I
were dead?
Could I perhaps kill
them instead?

This line of thought
takes consideration -
For I'm the king of
procrastination
"All the world is a
stage...and we prove it
at each time we enter
Britannia."